

SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

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[Vol. I.]

MISSES HODGKINSONS.

THE principal satisfaction obtained from the exercise of generous feelings, is that which we derive from a knowledge of the effect intended, having been produced. Soon after Mr. Hodgkinson's decease, plays were announced for the benefit of his orphan daughters, in different parts of the United States, and very considerable sums were raised; among other towns where benefits were obtained, Boston was not the last or least munificent. Frequent inquiries are made to us, to ascertain the appropriation of this money, and the situation of his children, which we have been unable to answer; as the inquiries, we believe proceed solely from an anxiety deduced from a friendship to the father, we should feel ourselves very much obliged to any of our friends in New-York, who will afford us an opportunity of answering such questions, and let us be permitted to say, that it would add not a little to our own satisfaction to hear that the children of an old acquaintance were happily situated.

SCHOOL BOYS.

WE have frequent opportunities of seeing these young gentlemen at the houses of their parents, and elsewhere, and we have as frequent occasions for reflection on the inconsistency of treatment, we think we see exercised towards them. We still risk our observations for the general good, although we know that they will be attended with a diminution of welcome to many houses, in which we may hereafter be thought intruders. The remarks we are about to make on this subject, are professedly the result of what we have seen; if, therefore, any family whom we visit, should think that we are taking improper liberties, they have only to direct their servant to say, the next time we make our occasional calls, that Nobody's at home.

A child enters a room, he unexpectedly perceives strangers in it—he is momentarily abashed, and without going through the usual cere-

monies, takes quietly the first seat he can obtain. The parent calls to him—observes, “Where are your manners? does Mr. — teach you to behave so? these questions of course increase the child’s dilemma,—his ideas are confused; and the parents pronounce him a stupid boy. We have something strange in our disposition, and we do not always agree with parents in the estimation they have formed of their own children; we have therefore frequently taken such children apart, and having encouraged them to converse without restraint, have generally found them possessed of more natural and acquired ability than others, whose confidence have induced their parents to believe them emblems of excellence itself. On other occasions where we have seen children enter a room, not only with the “sang froid,” but with the confidence of men of the world, we have discovered that exterior accomplishments were all that they possessed.

Diffidence in human beings, as we presume, arises from a delicate sense of imperfection; and this sense of imperfection in ourselves is deduced from an acknowledged superiority in others. The mind of sufficient capability to perceive, and sufficient honesty to admit its own inferiority, will seldom pass by any opportunity offered for his own improvement. But a boy under such impressons is generally bashful; yet is this bashfulness caused by the operation of feelings, which keep every sense alive to the influence of whatever is presented to them. Each sense is on the silent watch to catch at any species of improvement that may be offered to it, and convey it to the store-house of the mind for future profit. Whereas the boy who has acquired almost exclusively the external accomplishments, hearing himself continually flattered for his polite behaviour, will be induced to think the endowments of mind as of minor importance, and devote his attention principally to what obtains its immediate mead of praise.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDSHIP.

So much has been offered on this head, that it is hardly possible to say any thing original about it, and if we should attempt to put our ideas in a new light, it is more than probable that they will but repeat what has been said an hundred times before—but old or new, borrowed or original, we feel inclined to say something on this subject.

People are very apt to rail against what they call the fickleness of friendship, and the variableness of friends; but do they so with justice on their side? This imputed fickleness of friendship, is very often the result of a too ardent credulity which induces the one to consider the

other as his friend, merely because he is civil to him, and performs the common acts of humanity towards him.

We believe that friendship like virtue admits of no modification ; it is, or is not. We may misapply terms in our ordinary conversation, but we cannot alter facts. One man may say of another, he is my friend ; but the observation does not make him so—the former may be sincere in his observation and belief ; but after all, it is only a sincere observation and belief ; it proves not the fact. His vanity may have taken the common, (or perhaps uncommon) effusions of civility for professions of friendship, and the common, (or perhaps also uncommon) acts of humanity, as conduct especially inspired by his own worthiness—for instance—let us suppose a case. Mr. A. has occasion for the services of a real friend ; he speaks to a third person of Mr. B. in the following manner. Mr. B. has always treated me with the greatest civility ; I have been frequently at his house, he has been frequently at mine, we have met often elsewhere, we have rode, we have walked, we have attended public entertainments together ; I have received many polite attentions from him, he will, therefore, readily do me the friendly office I require, for I have the above reasons to believe that he has a sincere regard for me.

Mr. B. being applied to, may be supposed to reply thus. It is true that I have treated Mr. A. with the civility due from man to man, I have visited his family, he has visited mine, and we have frequently met and conversed elsewhere ; it is true also that my character, as a gentleman, required that I should give to him, as well as to every other member of my society, every polite attention I could offer—I have only behaved towards him as I behave towards all my acquaintance, but I cannot conceive the claims Mr. A. can possibly have on my friendship. Had the application been made from Mr. C. it would have experienced a different termination, for between Mr. C. and myself there is a congeniality of idea and a reciprocity of sentiment, which prove an union of soul, I do not flatter, but I *feel* with *him*, I profess myself *his* friend, and I know him to be mine—were I to be unfortunate I should receive his assistance ; were he so, he would receive mine."

The vanity of man will frequently induce him to believe that the ordinary acts of civility are peculiar tributes to his own merit, and consequently he will be liable to mistake politeness for friendship. Hence perhaps originate those common derogatory observations, in prose as well as poetry, about friends and friendship. A real friend must be a friend during existence, or at least during the existence of virtue in its object, and even after the expiration of that sacred flame, it will imitate

the divine attributes, and if it cannot eventuate repentance, it will shew mercy.

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.

'Tis strange to hear some people clack,
When hid behind their master's back;
But stranger still to hear some call
On death, that terror of us all!
Yet should he kindly hear their grief,
And proffer them their wish'd relief,
They then no more pretend to sorrow,
But trembling, beg him call tomorrow;
Tomorrow comes, and Death appears,
Yet still they pray for future years.
Now future years have roll'd away,
Still, still, they sigh for one more day,
Till age resigns the very breath,
Which years before was ask'd of death!
Such ways remind me of a story,
Which I shall briefly lay before ye.
An Old Man once upon his back,
Sustain'd the burden of a sack,
Till growing weary of its weight,
He plac'd it by his neighbour's gate;
Then sighing gaz'd upon his load,
And then the long and tedious road
So choak'd with hills, and rocks, and thorns,
For fate had curst his toes with corns!
Then pond'ring o'er his wretched case,
The tears began to flow apace.
His troubled mind oppress'd with care,
At length, he droop'd in sad despair;
On Death he call'd to take his part,
And set at ease his breaking heart;
Now, quick as sight, grim Death appears,
And with these words salutes his ears:
"What dost thou want, old man, of me:
"Dost wish, that I should set thee free?
"Lo! here I stand, I heard thy calls,
"Rest thou shalt find within my walls."

With trembling voice and wild surprize,
 The old man thus to Death replies ;
 " 'Tis true I call'd for thee Grim Death,
 " But not to take away my breath !
 " You see I have a heavy sack,
 " Pray lift it on my weary back !"

TOUCHSTONE.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

(Continued from page 317.)

SORROW.

WITH slow and solomn step, array'd in black,
 Pale sorrow silent mov'd, her azure eye,
 As if retreating from a reckless world,
 Sunk in her aching head, with downward cast
 Fixt on the ground, as if entomb'd within,
 Dwelt every object of her thought, anon a sigh
 Burst from her breast, and as "the big round tears
 " Cours'd one another down her palid cheek,"
 One on a tender flow'r oppressive fell,
 And bent it to the earth ; she saw, she stoop'd,
 And with a gentle hand she brush'd it off,
 Then sigh'd, could one small tear oppress thee thus ?
 Emblem of female tenderness acute ?
 Like thee, their natures bend beneath the touch,
 Or breath of trifles, while man stands erect,
 Proud as the sturdy oak, and braves the blast.
 Can nothing from my eyelids wipe these tears ?
 She stopp'd, and look around.—

When quick descended to her view,
 On a ray of heavenly blew,
 Sweet Hope, and, fixing firm her stand
 By sorrow, took her palid hand ;
 And said, no comfort could be found
 By always gazing on the ground ;
 Then having gently wip'd her eyes :
 Bade her look firmly on the skies,
 Sorrow obey'd, and as she gaz'd,
 Seem'd to feel her spirits rais'd ;

The heavens a secret joy impart,
 Till now unopen'd to her heart;
 Hope smil'd delightedly, and said,
 I'm always ready with my aid,
 But cannot *fix* a wavering soul,
 I only can *despair* control;
 'Tis true I promise, but confess
 My vot'ries seldom meet success,
 Unless with me are found combin'd
 Two other virtues of the mind,
 She said, and "waved her golden hair;"
 Sweet odours float upon the air,
 And faith and charity attend
 The signal of their mutual friend.

When Faith approaching Sorrow, cried
 To me she ne'er can be allied,
 She's not a child of nature's birth,
 But sin-bred monster of the earth.
 Perhaps, says Charity, more mild,
 She may be sour misfortune's child;
 But whomsoever she may prove,
 She must partake our help and love:
 She said, and, each assisting, prest
 To bear her to a heav'n of rest,
 But only felt the robe she wore,
 For sorrow's self was seen no more.

Swift through the air the rising virtues flew,
 And in one instant vanish'd from my view.

Scarce had they vanish'd, when despair,
 With haggard front and clotted hair,
 Rush'd on the scene
 With wan and woful mien,
 Rage and disappointment mixt,
 And for a while stood fixt,
 Gazing on where the heavenly virtues fled;
 Then backward on a rock,
 Which seem'd to shudder with the shock,

He threw his horrid form supine :
Thence instant starting as enflamed with wine,
He reel'd his frantic course along,
Roaring a harsh-ton'd Bacchanalian song.

Quick as a thought,
Distraction caught,
He scaled the rugged mountain's loftiest pass,
To where the rock's stupendous mass,
With upright fence
Of height immense,
Bade Ocean vent his fury at its feet ;
There on a leafless bough
Bent o'er the depths below,
He lean'd his breathless trunk, and seem'd to greet
As a last refuge the profound expanse,
For all who (like him) own'd creative chance.

Meanwhile mild reason saw his dang'rous state,
And flew to save him from impending fate ;
But he, whom reason left, to save
Despair from hurrying to his grave,
Madness, twin brother to despair,
Sends forth a cry that rends the air ;
He tears his garments, beats his throbbing head,
His burning eyes hot tears of anguish shed,
And scalding o'er his cheeks they roam,
Mingling with the poisonous foam,
That with his pent up breath in ghastly spray
Forc'd through his grinding teeth its eager way.

Sudden he starts—revulsive blood
Checks the wild impetuous flood,
A mourning statute fix'd he stands,
With downcast eyes and clasped hands,
Thus *seeming* pensive, but of mind,
Alas ! no traces could he find.

Sudden the bursts of laughter wild
The frantic horrors of his soul pourtray ;

As quick convulsive sobbings of a child
The fresh torn wounds of harrow'd nerves display.

Now fancy lifts his passions high,
Now sinks them listless to a sigh,
Now delights with mimic joys,
Now soothes them with an infant's toys :
Now as in a joyful dance
His airy feet with measure play,
Now he seizes fast the lance
As partner in a warrior's fray.

Reason returning with despair,
Madness again became her care ;
She led them to such lone retreat
As where in silence *whispers* meet
That ear, which in a gath'ring crowd
Is deaf, though Reason cry aloud.

Nature beheld the scene
With soft consoling mien.
And calling pity to her, said,
Instant begone to Reason's aid,
And when he's absent be thy pride
T'enlist at once on Nature's side,
And ever the attendant be
Of suffering humanity.

VEGETABLE ANATOMY.

The trunk, including the branches, and all the more substantial parts of a tree or plant, consists of the cuticle, the cellular integument, the bark, the liber, the alhumum, the sap, the perfect wood, and the pith.

The cuticle is a thin, but firm transparent membrane, covering the whole vegetable body, except the anthers and the pistils of flowers. In many trees or plants, several coats of this membrane may be distinguished. Duhamel says, that he counted six layers in the cuticle of the birch ; (1) Barton counted twelve. I have counted seven or eight in the root of the mulberry tree. (2) Some believe the cuticle to be a single membrane, and where there are more layers than one, that each is a

(1) *Betula.*

(2) *Morus.*

perfect cuticle, proceeding in its turn to be cast off. It is certain that some plants get rid of the several coats of their cuticles, by repeated exfoliation; the plantane(5) casts its cuticle every year. The cuticle of all roots is double at a certain age. In the leaves, flowers, fruits, &c. we do not meet with the successive layers of cuticle, that exist upon trunks and branches.

On the roots, the cuticle is tough and flexible; on the trunk, rough, thick, and unyielding; on the leaves, the flowers, and the other soft parts, thin, delicate, and soft. The cuticle of herbaceous(6) plants, and of those which are not perennial(7) is almost always more delicate in its structure.

The cuticle at first sight appears to consist of slender fibres, forming a kind of net work. Its texture is sometimes so thin, that the direction of its fibres may be seen, by holding it against the light. Upon close examination, it will be found to be composed of very minute bladders, which are often interspersed with longitudinal woody fibres, as in the nettle, the thistle,(8) and in the generality of herbs. It is visibly porous in some plants, particularly in the cane.(9)

In each layer of cuticle, we find a system of longitudinal vessels, separated from each other by a membranous substance.

The direction of the fibres of the cuticle varies, in the different species of plants. In the cherrytree,(10) it is principally circular; in the vine,(11) it is longitudinal.

The cuticle possesses different powers of expansion in different plants. In the fruit of the plane tree, where it bursts after a certain period, it is much less dilatable than in the cherry, where it remains entire, for a great while.

The cuticle of the fruit differs in its texture from that of the leaves, as may be seen thus: place an apple together with a leaf, under an exhausted receiver; the cuticle of the former will be inflated, until it

(3) *Open a tulip or a lily, (lilium) and you will see sixteen threads or filaments, called stamens, round the central pillar, the anther is on the top of these stamens.*

(4) *The central pillar.*

N. B. Notes 3 and 4 refer to the terms anthers and pistils, L. 6 from bottom, p. 328.

(5) *Musa.*

(6) *Succulent and tender plants, in opposition to woody; they perish annually down to the root. The pea, (pisum) and the nettle (urtica) are instances.*

(7) *Continuing for several years, at least more than two.* (8) *Carduus.*

(9) *Canna Indica.*

(10) *Cerasus.*

(11) *Vitis.*

burst ; that of the latter, like a sieve, will suffer the air to pass through its pores.

When the cuticle has a white, glossy appearance, as in several species of trees, in the stems of corn and of seeds, it is composed of a thin coating of silicious or flinty earth. In the corn, (12) the cuticle is almost entirely silicious. This was first discovered by observing sparks of fire, emitted by the collision of rattan canes, with which two boys were fighting in a dark room.

In evergreens, the cuticle is mostly resinous, and in some few plants, it is formed of wax.

For further information respecting the anatomy of the cuticle, see Ree's Cyclopædia, art. *Bark*, and Physiologie Vegetab. par Senebier, tom. 1.

We shall next speak of the physiology of the cuticle.

(12) *Zea*.

MR. NEMO,

WITHOUT offering any opinion on your theory of Meteoric Stones, your piece reminds me of a fact which I distinctly recollect.

About the year 1797, in Maine, I was walking in an open field with an old man, in pursuit of pigeons ; it was in August, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

We suddenly heard over our heads several loud reports resembling the discharge of cannon.

The old fowler instantly stopped and observed that the gods were making battle. After some seconds, a second irregular and less severe firing took place, and after another short interval the exhibition closed with several quick reports like the repeated discharges of several muskets.

Immediately after the first noise we saw a dense cloud of smoke of considerable size, high in the heavens. This smoke which remained visible till sunset, and which was noticed by a great number of persons, passed constantly in a direction nearly contrary to the current of air which swept the surface of the earth. Preceding the explosion, several people in the darker parts of houses and other buildings perceived a flash of light over a space of eight or ten miles diameter. The day was perfectly clear. No fall of stones was known to take place.

FINE THOUGHTS.

It was said of two young ladies, that they were only exceeded by the graces in number.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT, BY COLERIDGE.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The op'ning bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bid it blossom there.

TO THE FRIENDS OF LITERATURE.

(*From the Panoplist, re-published in the Anthology.*)

THE public have been repeatedly informed of my design to compile a large and complete Dictionary of the English language ; and most men of learning are probably apprized of the opposition manifested, in various parts of the country, and especially in the eastern part of New-England, to this attempt at improving the lexicography of our language. The unabating zeal displayed, on this subject, by various remarks and strictures published in the Anthology, indicates a spirit of enmity very unusual ; the motives of which I will not attempt to explain. If honest, the men who possess them evidently manifest more zeal than knowledge or discretion. It is not improbable that many gentlemen mistake my views and the tenor of the remarks, which I have made on the English philological works which are now used in this country : if so, some explanations are due to the public, and required by a decent regard to my own reputation. But as the spirit displayed in the Anthology renders it necessary for me to withhold all communication, with the conductors of that work, I beg leave to trouble the readers of the Panoplist, with a few observations in explanation of the motives by which I have been actuated, and in vindication of my conduct, principles, and designs.

The principal charges against me, may be comprehended in these particulars—That I have indulged too much freedom in censuring the works of many men, of unquestionable erudition, and of established reputation in philology ; and that I have displayed great zeal in pressing my own publications upon my fellow citizens.

In regard to the first charge, I can say most sincerely that if I have ever violated the rules of decorum in my strictures upon authors, it is a subject of much regret ; for nothing is more abhorrent to my feelings, and repugnant to my principles. I really thought that in the preface to my Compendious Dictionary I had treated Dr. Johnson, bishop Lowth, and other English authors with a due degree of respect ; having uniformly expressed my high opinion of their erudition, and having censured Mason, for the contemptuous manner in which he speaks of Dr. Johnson. In my letter to Dr. Ramsay, I have also censured Mr. Horne

Tooke for the severity of his remarks on the same author. I have attempted to point out many errors in the works of those distinguished authors, and to *prove* the errors, by numerous examples and authorities. In the view of many learned men, these proofs appear amply sufficient for the purpose. In the view of others perhaps the proofs are not sufficient, for it would be very extraordinary that no differences of opinion should exist on this subject.

One thing is certain, that in whatever I have alleged, I have been actuated by a firm belief of the truth of my assertions ; and, on a review of what I have written, aided by further researches, I can now declare my belief that, far from exaggerating the errors and defects of the English dictionaries and grammars used in our country, I am persuaded that my representations come very much short of the truth.

In addition to what I have said on the works of Lowth, Johnson, Varro, Vossius, Junius, and Skinner, I will now mention the Hebrew Lexicon of Packhurst. I have no doubt that the sense of Hebrew words has been generally understood ; but a greater number of Hebrew words which are treated as radical, are compound or derivative, and a multitude of words are arranged by Hebricians, under roots with which they have no connexion.

Equally erroneous and defective are the Latin and Greek Lexicons in assigning words to their radicals. I have made no enumeration of these errors, but in the dictionaries of Ainsworth, Schrevelius, and Johnson, probably, not one word in fifty is traced to its radical signification.

In making these representations, I am persuaded my motives are pure and honourable. They spring not from vanity, or a disposition to depreciate the learned labors of other men. My real motive is to justify to the world my design of publishing a new work. I hold it to be very improper to tax the public with the expense of a new publication, without offering to the purchaser, as a compensation, *real and valuable improvements*. It is a common practice for men, for the purpose of acquiring fame or money, to make books by selection, without the merit of erudition, or the toil of research ; and there may be cases, especially in regard to school books, in which the practice, if not commendable, is at least not very censurable. There are other instances in which men of very superficial attainments, aided by good taste and judgment, acquire more celebrity, as well as property, than authors of ten times their erudition.

In my contemplated Dictionary, I design to offer a new illustration of the origin and progress of language ; altogether different from any thing that has yet appeared. I offer this in confidence, not that my

work will be perfect, but that the fruits of my investigations will be a valuable acquisition to the republic of letters ; and not to the English nation and their descendants only, but to most of the nations of Europe. After making due allowance for the partiality of every author for his own productions, I am persuaded that the improvements I contemplate, will appear to deserve encouragement, and to be an ample equivalent for the expense of a new work. These are my real views—such and no other are my motives.

To the importance of such researches as I am making, different persons will attach different ideas. In my own opinion, no researches into the origin of arts, or the history of man and his improvements are unimportant ; much less, inquiries into the origin and history of his noblest art. But I have learnt that this subject is intimately connected with the history of nations ; and not only ancient authors, sacred and profane, but the origin and migration of nations, may be illustrated by an investigation into their languages.

This explanation will, I trust, obviate the censure I have incurred, by endeavouring to spread the circulation of my school books. The small books I have published furnish my only means of subsistence, while I devote my time exclusively to literary studies. Some of them at least have been well received ; I gratefully acknowledge this reception ; but I wish not the public to give currency to any book of my composition, unless the purchaser believes it to be as good as any other of the kind, and finds himself indemnified for the purchase in the value of the book.

Having relinquished a lucrative business, for the purpose of pursuing a favourite study ; and finding my means inadequate to the great expenses of the undertaking ; having a numerous family and an aged father, bending under the weight of four score and eight years, looking to me for support ; I am bound by all the ties of duty, affection, and humanity, to seek for such patronage as is due to my honest exertions. I seek only the fruits of honest labor, which for eight and twenty years, has been unceasingly devoted to the best interests of my fellow citizens.

I am happy to find, that many enlightened men in this country who are best acquainted with my views and my designs, are disposed to render me all the services in their power. Equally gratifying is it, that the Eclectic reviewers in England, have spontaneously expressed their readiness to aid me in my undertaking.

The prospectus of my work, has been sent to the principal towns in the Northern States, for the purpose of procuring aid from such gentlemen of talents and property, as may have the disposition and the ability,

to afford me encouragement. If I should meet with the necessary aid from this proposal, I shall prosecute the work with diligence and satisfaction. If not, I shall either abandon the undertaking, or apply to the liberality of English gentlemen for the necessary means to enable me to accomplish the work I have begun. NOAH WEBSTER, jun.

ON THE SIMPLICITY AND HONESTY OF MEN OF TRUE GENIUS.

MEN of genius see a beauty (TO KAAON,) unknown to others in the subjects which they contemplate. They become enamored with the form of ideal beauty, and, like other lovers, regard but little many things which solicit the notice and attach the heart of the multitude.

Joseph Scaliger has said, *Jamais homme ne fut poete, ou aima la lecture des poetes, qui n'eut la cœur assis en bon lieu.* No man ever was a poet, or delighted in reading the poets, whose heart did not lie in the right place; and Horace said before him,

.....Levis hac insania quantas

Virtutes habeat sic collige; vatis avarus

Non temere est animus; versus amat, hoc studet unum.

Poets and men of genius are frequently no one's enemies but their own. From their contempt of riches they too often fall into poverty, and live in an ignorance of that humble kind of wisdom, which, though it makes no conspicuous figure, contributes much to comfort. They become the dupes of designing men; of little minds that grovel in the mire; of men who, though they cannot see far above the earth, yet see their interest with great acuteness, and pursue it with an artifice that seldom fails of good success; and who look upon persons employing their time in making verses, pictures, or in reading books, as simpletons easily to be deceived; as much their natural prey, as the pigeon is to the kite.

It is therefore to be wished that, in obedience to the scriptural rule, men of genius would endeavour to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove.

But as to this dove-like innocence, there are who controvert with powerful arguments, its peculiar prevalence in poets and men of genius. I rather think there is a tendency to it in them; but, as it happens in most general rules, there are many exceptions.

Horace says, a poet is seldom avaricious; but proofs to the contrary may be brought: yet the assertion is, in general, true; for there are many more proofs of their want of thrift, and their contempt of riches.

The instance of Pindar, in the second Isthmian ode, suggesting a hint of his wants to Xenocrates of Agrigentum whom he was celebrating, is cited as an instance of poetical meanness and avarice.

In distress he might make such an application without being avaricious. The very want, which drove him to so disagreeable a necessity, might be occasioned by his contempt of money.

Mr. Pope was, I believe, strongly attached to money, and knew both how to gain and keep it. But not so Spencer, nor Shakspeare, nor Dryden, nor Otway.

It is to be wished that poets, and artists of genius, would add discretion to their taste and skill ; for it is lamentable that they who give so much pleasure to others should make themselves miserable.

There is, after all, something amiable in their simplicity and generosity. It preserves them from base actions. You may, in general, make a safe agreement with a man of genius ; I mean, of true genius ; for as to the mere pretenders to genius, many of them are remarkable for duplicity and knavery.

But if poets and men of genius are free from avarice, they have shewn themselves prone to other passions equally or more detrimental. They have been voluptuaries in the extreme ; and, upon the whole, they do not appear to have surpassed the rest of mankind in happiness so much as in talents.

The pleasures of genius, in its exertions, are certainly exquisite ; but the horrors of a gaol, and of want or disease, must greatly lessen, if not totally destroy them ; and the applause and renown bestowed upon them however flattering to the human heart, are but a poor recompense for the aggravated distresses of private life, which often involve a wife and family. Since genius must be supposed to have been bestowed as a gift conducive to the happiness of him who possesses it, let him take care to add to it discretion, and that useful but humble kind of wisdom called common sense.

COMMUNICATION.

SIR,

ENCOURAGED by your acceptance of my first communication, I venture, under the auspices of *that former favour*, to offer the following remarks for your perusal ; and, if judged worthy to meet the public eye, the insertion of them in your next number would be an additional obligation conferred on

Yours to command,

VERITAS.

The merits of Mr. Worrall, the painter and machinist in this grand romance, with the charms of Mr. Kelly, the composer, have been al-

ready noticed, I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to the ladies and gentlemen who brought this happy union of superb show and heavenly sounds to the public view and ear.

Ali Baba, by Mr. Bernard, was in our opinion strictly correct, though coloured with a vein of sterling humour. The sentiments given him by his author were delivered with that unaffected bluntness which never fails of finding a ready access to the heart. The music of Ganem is immediately calculated for the voice of Mr. Darley, his representative for the evening. The sweet little ballad of Morgiana was most delightfully sung by Mrs. Darley, and the duet of "Ah, cruel maid," by him and Mrs. Darley, came so rapturously to our ears, that we were ready to exclaim with the Comus of Milton—

"Can any mortal mixture of the mould

"Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?"

To this reflective harmony the duet of Cogia and Ali Baba forms a pleasing contrast in style. It was given in with appropriate spirit by Mrs. Mills and Mr. Bernard.

Hassarac has but little to do till the last act, when he becomes a perfect Proteus to this theatrical change. However difficult, Mr. Mills is accustomed, and it is but cold justice to say, that on this evening the Oil Merchant, Hassarac, &c. found in him a happy representative. The last scene was managed with great effect. Mr. Dickinson, in the Cocker, was what I call comfortable—good. His work obtains its wished for end—the hearty laugh of the good humoured ladies. Mrs. Mills's Cogia was all the author could have wished; her admirable performance of this part made it a fit companion for the honest Ali Baba; it was excellent.—Good nature beamed upon their countenances, and diffused itself through all around. Mrs. Darley, as Morgiana, was all she should have been, graceful and commanding, and she was at once a fairy and a mortal. We have seldom seen Mrs. D. in pantomime, yet taking her performance of to-night as our rule of judgment, we hesitate not in pronouncing her equally happy in the pourtrayment of feeling by action as word. She does not search for laboured attitudes, or introduce them so frequently as to pall the sight (for even in pantomime the bounds of nature may be overstepped) but naturally assumes them as occasions rise, and thus without the use of words steals upon the sense and conveys to the attentive mind the object of the scene. In the dance, she really seemed to float in air; and in the song of "Ah, little blind boy," at each note she breathed we could but say—how sweetly do they float upon the wings of silence. I took it for a fairy vision of some gay creature of the element through the empty vaulted night.